

TO J. W.

DEAR Jane, you say you will gather flowers,
To win, if you may, a verse from me ;
Can you bring to me those brilliant hours
When life was gladdened by poesy ?

Bring me the rose with pearls on her breast,
Dropped down as tears from early skies ;
Pale lilies gather among the rest,
And little daisies, with starry eyes.

The heart's-ease bring, for many a day
In vain for that flow'ret fair I sought ;
Turn not your gathering hand away
From the wee blue flower, " forget me not."

Unless inspiration on them rest,
In vain you tempt me to rise and sing ;
The passage bird that sang in my breast
Has fled away with my life's young spring.

My harp on a lonely grave is laid,
Untuned, unstrung, it will lie there long,
If you bring flowers alone, dear maid,
Without bringing the spirit of song.

But accept the friendship, that can spring
Out of this romantic heart of mine,
Devoted, true and unwithering,
And for ever thine, for ever thine.
